

The Cornell Countryman

IOWA STATE
TEACHERS COLLEGE

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Volume XXXIV

March, 1937

Number 6

6 Articles By Students

We Answer Disgruntled

THE GARDEN DICTIONARY

Edited by
NORMAN TAYLOR

And containing contributions by Professors Chupp, Guterman, Welch and Thompson of the New York State College of Agriculture and by Professors Hedrick and Tukey of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva. Eight hundred and eighty-eight pages, thumb indexed.

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Member of the Agricultural College Magazines,
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Published Monthly from October to June by students in the New York State Colleges of Agriculture and Home Economics at Cornell University. Entered as Second Class matter at the Post Office, Ithaca, New York. Printed by Norton Printing Co. The subscription rate is one dollar a year or three years for two dollars; single copies 15 cents.

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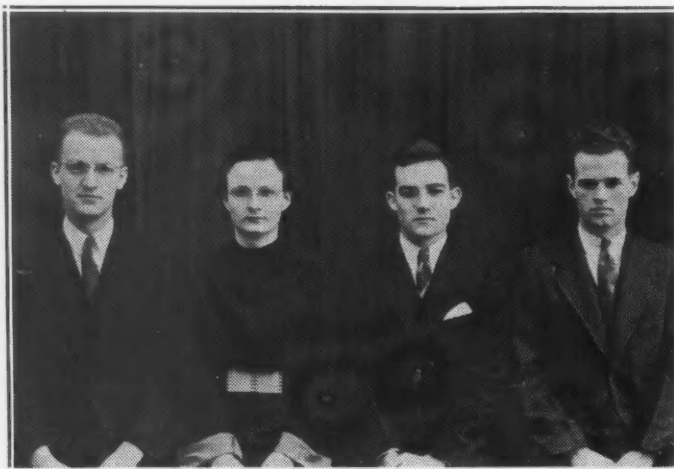
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Write for Announcement

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THEY HOLD THE STAGE



RICE DEBATE STAGE

C. B. Henley '37

William Barnum '38

Miss M. C. McCann '37

S. M. Bulkley '37

Barnum Wins Rice Debate Stage

William Barnum '38, speaking for the negative, Resolved: "That the township unit of government is the most efficient unit of local government for the services now rendered by the townships in New York State", won first prize in the Rice Debate Stage, Monday, February 15. Miss Claire McCann '37 won second prize speaking for the affirmative. C. B. Henley '37 and S. M. Bulkley '37 gave plenty of good competition speaking on the affirmative and negative sides, respectively. The speakers were introduced by Carl A. Ladd. Members of the glee club gave several vocal selections. The prizes are given by Professor James E. Rice, former head of the Poultry Department.

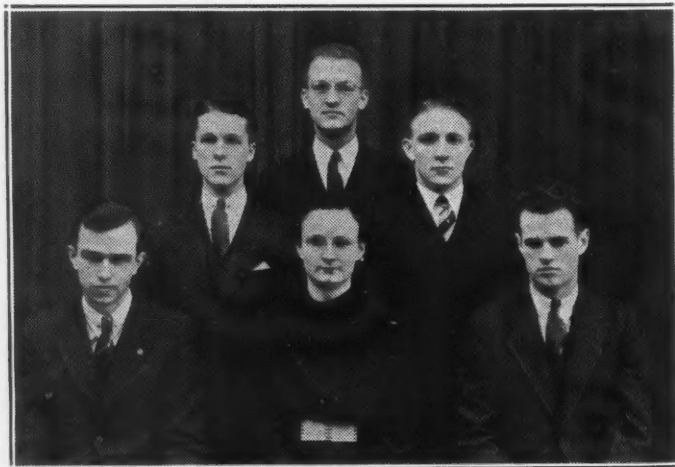


Walter Wins Eastman Stage

"The Farmer's Silent Partners," a discussion of the relation of bacteria to the farm, won for "Bill" Walter of Lake Placid the annual Eastman Stage Speaking contest. "Bill" who is a junior majoring in bacteriology described the work of these tiny micro-organisms and showed their significance to the farmers of this state.

Miss M. C. McCann '37 of Ithaca, speaking on "Rural Resettlement," won second award.

Other speakers and their topics were "Crop Insurance;" S. M. Bulkley '37, "A New View of the Commodity Dollar;" E. B. Henley '37, "Consumer Cooperatives and the Farmer," and Charles Fagan '37, who spoke on "The Grange Peace Program."



EASTMAN STAGE

S. M. Bulkley '37

Charles Fagan '37, William Walter '38

C. B. Henley '37, Miss M. C. McCann '37, Chester Freeman '38

The Cornell Countryman

A Journal of Country Life - Plant, Animal, Human

Volume XXXIV

Ithaca, New York, March, 1937

Number 6

The Endless War

By Alice Gray

THIS is the time of year when the Practical Entomologist puts on his gas mask and prepares for battle. And battle there will surely be from the first stirring of sap till frost comes again. Battle, slaughter, and sudden death as sure as taxes. Actually as sure as taxes, for Congress has appropriated several million dollars of the taxpayers' money to further the cause.

When that much real cash is spent for anything, there must be a reason. And reason indeed there is, for with the spring the yearly truce is ended and we must take up again the age-old war between Man and Insects, the war which has continued through tens of centuries, since before the plagues of Egypt, and which will continue till all crops are raised in "test tubes" and swamps and jungles vanish from the earth.

This is no common war, there is no obvious enemy to be seen and slain and buried and forgotten. Ours is a host of tiny enemies, many so small we overlook them quite, unless we know exactly where and how to hunt for them, and all so numerous that for every one of the millions that we slay, a thousand yet survive to rise against us. Billions of little harmless looking devils, hiding in our gardens, lurking in our cellars, flying, crawling, swimming, and jumping around and about us, and working countless ills.

Let us consider our foes and the evils we have suffered, suffer, and will suffer at their hands. In times past, and more than once, over half the people of Europe died horribly of Plague because a flea had bitten them. Within the memory of our grandfathers thousands have died of typhus because a louse thirsted for their blood. Even today we may be bitten by a mosquito in the cool of the evening on our front porches, and presently we die of yellow fever, or come down with malaria which may plague us all our lives. And if we travel in hot countries the bite of a fly may kill us with sleeping sickness or a dozen diseases worse, and the humming of winged demons in our ears at night gives us insomnia. They will torment us with itching and stinging to the very point of madness. They have

rendered great tracts of land wholly untenable for a large part of each year, and have effectively barred the rich and beautiful tropic jungles to the march of civilization.

Insects, moreover, have other and stronger appetites than a thirst for blood. In many climates, and even in New York, termites may eat you quite literally out of house and home. Book worms and silver fish are very fond of literature. Also of wall paper. Every one knows what a few little caterpillars can do to a dress suit or a carpet. The larvae of many beetles and moths flourish on a diet of wood, and ruin much valuable lumber with the burrows, and shade trees may droop and die of their attention.

But the majority of little pests have



tastes very similar to our own, and therein lies their importance. Most of us have experienced that weevils share our liking for oatmeal, corn meal, and raisins, and that some small caterpillars prefer them to any other food. This is very annoying if we have gone to the trouble and expense of raising a crop for our own use, particularly if we can raise no more than we require. When this happens and the bugs beat us to it, we starve. It is astonishing how many helpless inhabitants of China have starved to death when locusts fancied their crops. And the same thing has come closer to occurring in this country than is at all comfortable.

Almost every thing we raise for ourselves we also raise for the insects, which in the natural state were forced to feed upon some other, and much less desirable wild relatives of our food crop. Grains, fruit, truck garden produce, everything from walnuts to spinach has one or more particular pests and some which it shares with other victims. An army so diverse that no one method can be used

to combat them all, and so many that all can never be exterminated. But unless we try it is quite possible that they may exterminate us.

It is not this danger, however, which moves Congress to appropriate the millions. It is the real and present financial loss due to the destruction of crops by insects. A small crop brings high prices, the cost of living goes up, and we all suffer. It is the pain in the pocketbook that gets results.

What results does it get? What are we doing to protect ourselves against the "Insect Menace"? Well, first, last, and in between, we spray. For all the things that eat leaves and suck sap we spray from spring to fall, beginning before the leaves open, and not ceasing till the crops are in. We spray with oils and soap, with lead arsenic and nicotine, with old-fashioned paris green and the new and unnameable products of organic laboratories. Also we prune and burn and rake and plow that our enemies may perish of fire or frost while sleeping. We set out poison bait and dig ditches to stop the onward march of the cinch bug army, spread deadly dusts with aeroplanes to quell an uprising of boll weevils or tobacco worms.

Chemists concoct lethal gasses to pursue cockroaches into their crevices, and clothesmoths into the bottom of the old trunk in the attic. Engineers are constantly devising bigger and better spray guns, tanks, or towers for reaching the tops of trees, and the physicist with his "Death Ray" may soon make a real contribution to the science of insect control. In flour mills and granaries the beetles are electrocuted like the criminals they are by passing with the grain down an electrified chute. And flour moths are roasted alive, in the heat of July by lighting all the furnaces and shutting shop for a weekend. No doubt you subsequently eat them in your breakfast toast and are none the wiser.

We are putting up a good fight. But we must be careful lest in seeking to destroy the enemy we do ourselves more harm than them. The chemicals that poison them may also poison us

(Continued on page 8)

Why Visitors Bee Line To Comstock

By Harold Smith

FARM and Home Week this year with its record crowd of over 11 thousand visitors kept the buildings of the upper campus as busy as beehives at the height of the honey flow.

Comstock Hall was one of these hives to which many people went. For tucked away down there in the basement was a beautifully arranged exhibit of honey and beekeeping equipment. The two centers of attraction seemed to be an observation hive of live bees and a revolving glass plate on which was stacked a pyramid of honey. Dr. E. F. Phillips, in charge, explained details of the exhibit. He told how candles, which would burn longer than wax ones, could be made from beeswax. In answer to a question, he explained the actions of the bees in the observation hive. His knowledge of the behavior of those bees was apparently unlimited. He passed from one person to another greeting old friends and making new ones. His ready flow of conversation always had a note of congeniality and sincerity.

MY CURIOSITY was aroused and I decided to find out more about

this gentleman who seemed to take such an interest in bees and beekeepers. Inquiring further I found that Dr. Phillips is undoubtedly the best authority in the world on the subject of scientific bee culture and as one writer puts it "when the roll of great beekeepers is called, Dr. Phillips' name will be found with those of Langstroth, Quinby, Demuth, and A. I. Root."

It is remarkable that a man can be found to support what seems to be a vanishing industry. But, try and tell Dr. Phillips that the era of the small home-farm apiary has vanished. He believes that beekeeping is going to stay with us as one of the arts of husbandry.

He stamps it as a "business of details," but one of the most interesting of occupations.

BEFORE coming to Cornell in 1924 as professor of bee culture, Dr. Phillips was for 17 years the head of the bee culture investigation work in the Bureau of Entomology, Washington, D. C. While there he did some very remarkable work with the prob-

lems of bee diseases and wintering. The thoroughness of his work is evidenced in the success with which he and his assistants cleaned up the European foulbrood in New York State. He not only showed beyond doubt the cause of the disease, but prescribed a successful cure. In studying the wintering problem he took actual temperature measurements of the winter clusters. Guesses of the former days gave way to exact figures. Among many other problems he has in later years been studying the chemical properties of honey in reference to its crystallization.

But bees are not the only interest of this amiable gentleman. Dr. Phillips is an ardent Rotarian. He has been president of the Ithaca Rotary Club, governor of the Twenty-eighth District of Rotary International, and last summer he was named chairman of the International Service Committee of Rotary International.

Dr. Phillips' acquaintances are world-wide, not only as a beekeeper and Rotarian, but also as a fine personality.

Truth About Resettlement

By Charles Guzewich

The establishment of an office in Ithaca marked the beginning in 1934 of a resettlement program sponsored by the Resettlement Administration of the Federal Government. The proposal in the Tompkins County region was to acquire a number of acres of submarginal land and convert them into forestry and recreational areas which would be more suitable. Part of this was to be made into a forest preserve and the remainder was to be used primarily for public hunting grounds. Tompkins County was chosen for reforestation not because all the land was especially adapted but because the project was to be used for demonstration purposes.

When the program was locally initiated the administrators first selected the areas which were in need of help. The basis for selection was the submarginality of the land and the condition of the farmers.

After the areas had been selected the farms were appraised. The farmers who want to resettle are given the opportunity to option their farms for a six months period at their appraised value. The options are then submitted to Washington and the titles of the farms are cleared so the government can purchase them. In the meantime the resettled farmer is given an opportunity to pick out his new

farm. Nothing is compulsory in the resettlement process, neither the abandonment of the poor farm nor the choice of his new farm. It does pick out the fertile region where the farmer may find a good farm. In this region the farmers are resettled mostly in the limestone region around Genoa and King Ferry. When the farmer decides where he wants to resettle the government options and buys the farm and sells it to him.

The farm of his choice is then prepared for his occupancy. The barns are put into shape, equipment is provided and the farm home is modernized. The farmer and his family operate the farm for a five year trial period, in close co-operation with the agricultural extension agents. If the farmer manages successfully he becomes the owner on a basis of a forty year amortized mortgage. The success of the resettled farmer depends largely on his intelligence and ambition.

So far 287 submarginal farms have been accepted by the Ithaca resettlement office; 133 have been paid for and taken over by the government. The average price paid for the land is eight dollars per acre. The Resettlement office in Ithaca is the headquarters for clearing the title, appraising the land, investigating the condition

of the farm, and finding facts about the farmer and his family.

As soon as the submarginal farms are abandoned the work on them begins. The laborers are those who have applied for work at the resettlement office. They are chosen on the basis of need and have no age limit.

The reforestation project at Hector is typical of the projects in Tompkins County. This project is just completed. During the past year over three hundred men have been employed per week. The workers were local farmers who needed rehabilitation but were not granted new farms. When the project was begun, the administrators investigated the possibility of raising sheep on the submarginal land. However, they were advised against it since the sheep in the locality were affected by hoof and mouth disease.

First of all a cover map was made of 3520 acres. This indicated what was present on the land. About twelve hundred acres of woodland have been improved by thinning and removing defective trees. Fifty thousand trees were planted to control erosion. Seven and one-half miles of gravel road were built to aid in fire protection and to make entrance into the woods easier for harvesting the lumber. A number of check dams have been made in the unwooded lots to prevent erosion.

Building Stony Croft

By Madge Jopson

THE way to get the biggest thrill out of building a house is to plan it yourself and build it out of odds and ends. Lucky for us, the depression came just as we were breaking ground for our lodge in the Allegheny Mountains, so we had to shop around to get materials cheaply. I wouldn't exchange our experiences in doing that for money enough to buy a perfect country mansion.

Some woodland with running water, deer, and game birds, where we could build a simple cabin was our hope when we started out to scour the countryside for a "spot." A year of Sundays failed to reveal the ideal land. It was just by chance that we heard of 180 acres of woodland for sale, 19 miles from Williamsport. To this day we still marvel at our good fortune. The land is thickly wooded with groves of white and yellow pines, hemlocks, birches, maples, and several kinds of nut trees. One of the best trout streams in the district runs the length of the property, and the mountainsides abound with grouse and deer. We bought an eighth of a mile of the valley, the land extending from the top of one enclosing mountain to the top of the other.

We chose for our building site a flat piece of land among some white pines bordering the stream. Our idea was to keep the house as rustic as possible, using the stone and wood off our own land. Mountain stone of a soft grey color was the most abundant and accessible material there, so we chose it for the outside of the house. Labor at the time was cheap, so my father taught a brick mason how to lay stone, avoiding the hard white line of cement which is a common fault of stone houses.

WHILE the foundations were being laid father kept his eyes open for used building materials as he drove around. The most desolate and inaccessible old farmhouses held a thrill for him because his first real bargain was just such a building. It occurred to him one day as he was passing an abandoned Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse for probably the 50th time, that there might be some valuable timbers in it. That evening he found the owner and looked over the old house. It appeared to be in too decayed a condition ever to be repaired again, but he knew that those 40-foot timbers were still sound. The farmer was pleased to receive \$50 for the house. As it was being dismantled more and more valuable timbers were revealed, some a foot thick and weighing half a ton. We used those beams in the livingroom to support the balcony over the fireplace and the roof.

An old carpenter in the village, unemployed since the lumbering days, did an excellent job of adzing them.

As the building progressed, its possibilities began to enlarge. Celtoex walls, which we had decided on at first, would not look well with such substantial materials as we were able to get, so knotty pine panelling was soon unanimously selected for the living room and bedrooms. The mellow color of the wood was brought out by oiling.

The next big problem was the roof. We disliked asbestos shingles, yet we did not dare suggest the expense of a slate roof. This was solved, however, when we found slabs of slate in a backyard nearby. The old lady who owned them sold them to us gladly and the result was a roof which fitted in with the surroundings.



Father drove up one evening, followed by a truck full of complete kitchen and bathroom fixtures. He had bought the lot for \$25 from an apartment house which had failed to pay. The bathtub is a source of great pride: he set it in a small alcove lined with pieces of mountain-stone laid flat on one another.

LACK of light in our city house made us determined that we would have plenty of large windows. At the end of the living room opposite the fireplace, we built a wide window the full height of the room. It gives a feeling of the house being part of the outside as we look through the white pines and birches, across the stream and through the grove on the island beyond. My father has spent sunny days clearing out the underbrush and trimming the best of the trees of their dead branches, so that we have full advantage of the woodland vista.

AS THE house neared completion, we were able to give more attention to the surroundings, and began looking speculatively at the stream. It seemed a shame to my brothers and to me that such a wide stream was not deep enough for swimming. One hot day brought the climax, and we asked father whether he would make us a little swimming hole. "Well, I might be able to dig you one," he said. This was the first step toward the beautiful swimming pool that we finally got. The thing we hoped for,

happened: his engineer's eyes began to see enormous possibilities for a pool immediately in front of the house. Soon he had stone masons building a 160-foot-long wall on both sides of the stream. For a week the family bore the noise of a dredger. A strong concrete dam had to be built, so father haunted the junk-yards for pieces of iron rail which he embedded in the concrete for added strength. A fishway, which we appropriately call the "Roman Bath", was built to comply with state fish and game laws. When the dam was in, the walls could still hold several more feet of water, so father made some strong wooden boards to go above it, which were removable in high water.

THE test for these boards came unexpectedly in the form of a flood just as we were trying them out. Instead of being carried away when the water became a certain pressure, they stayed in and bent six inches. The water came within a fourth of an inch of entering the house. He now has a system of pipes supporting the boards which will break at a certain pressure. Both boards and pipes are chained to the dam, so nothing is lost. Stone steps lead to the water at the shallow end, and we have built an oak divinboard with an adjustable pivot at the deep end.

One of the main reasons we bought the land was for hunting and fishing. Father has done many things for game conservation, such as making automatic grain feeders out of old dye barrels and placing them in clearings for the grouse and pheasants. To protect them from the snow these barrels are set on pedestals a foot above the ground, and have galvanized iron roofs to shed the snow. We are trying to raise quail from eggs supplied by the state, but they are so delicate that they require great care. Out of four wild turkeys which we raised last summer, only one lived, and when it came time for him to migrate, he had no idea of leaving us. In fact, he follows my father around whenever he carries a gun, and is a good friend of the bantam and white hen.

Many of the smaller jobs, such as transplanting pines, building gateposts, and inside finishing, were left for us to do as we have the time and ideas. There is twice as much satisfaction in our handiwork as there might have been had we hired an architect for the house and a civil engineer for the swimming pool. The establishment expresses us as much as it possibly could, simply because we used our own individuality in forming it.

Hash and the Stewardess

By Caroline Thro

When I heard last summer that I was to be stewardess in my sorority house in place of the member who had busted out, I was so astounded at first to hear of my soror's bad fortune that I didn't realize what my new job would mean.

However, I came back to school early in September and prepared for my job of feeding 20 girls. Reader, please understand that I had had no domestic science training except at home, so this was an acid test of my mother's teaching. My predecessor was a dietetics major in home economics, and I hadn't even had a beginning food's course. Would I be able to do the job? I wondered frequently.

While at home I had planned menus and when I arrived at school I showed them to one of the dieticians in the residential halls. I laugh when I think of them now. Repitition, it seems, is not valuable when it comes to meal-planning. Miss—— pointed out the frequency with which certain foods appeared. I pride myself now that I do not go on tomato tears or baked potato binges as I did a few months ago.

In the beginning of the year I used fancy menus from Good Housekeeping magazine but soon found that the butter and eggs required in their recipes were too expensive and too fattening. I now use the recipes in the Farmer's Wife. I wrote to the Reader's Co-operative Society for menus and they referred me to our own college of home

economics. However, the busy head of foods department and myself have never been able to get together, so the only contact I have had with her is in sending reports of meals which are sent by all the sororities and fraternities on the campus.

What are some of the food habits of sorority girls? They crave variety and will eat a steamed cereal type of pudding known as suet pudding if it is called plum pudding. They eat peanut butter three times a day.

Food rumors spread fast in sorority houses. One day a girl remarked, "Did you see oatmeal soup on the menu for lunch today? Doesn't that sound awful?" Of course they liked the soup. Hereafter I will call it soup a la oatmeal. And then the waiters will put a casserole dish on the table. One girl will look at it critically and say, "What's that stuff? It looks like goulash." And one after another the rest take up the cry.

Finances are the underlying factor in food buying. I am allowed one dollar a day per person which is a fair allowance but doesn't permit steak more than once every two weeks. To keep within the budget I must do accurate marketing and buying. I noticed astounding differences at first in the huge amounts of food to be ordered for 20 girls rather than my own family. I might add that the bills are huge. A wholesale order of canned goods amounts to \$174.68.

On Monday nights when pledge

meetings are held, we serve 45 girls at the house. It is a mental feat to discover different ways of serving hamburger since roasts of meat are too expensive. I have a deep respect for the cook who manages to make three chickens serve everybody on these occasions. I think she cooks the bones so they are edible, too.

The cook has other problems. Since the ice-box is open for 24 hours' service she must hide most of the food she wants to prepare the next day or her cupboard will be bare. When I go to her room she apologizes for its odd appearance. The visitor finds marshmallow cans under the bed and bags of oranges on the window sills. It is the only way to keep them, she maintains. One by one the hiding places are discovered and she must think of new ones.

I still have much to learn. For instance, never buy from salesmen at the door whom you know nothing about. I got "taken in" on some Northern Spies the other day. Cook and I still must come to an understanding about putting onions in the food on the nights the girls have dates.

The meat cutting course offered in the animal husbandry department has been a big help to me when I order from the butcher. I am able to ask for cuts with authority.

Being a stewardess is a responsible job—especially when there are guests. One night we entertained a member
(Continued on page eight)

An Authoress Speaks

By Betty Latham

Margaret Culkin Banning talked informally to the Home Economics girls on Feb. 17. She answered their questions and gave them her point of view on some of the problems of girls graduating from college.

Mrs. Banning started her literary career by editing the magazine at Vassar. After college Mrs. Banning did social work in Chicago and wrote short stories that were bitter criticisms of modern life. She married and went abroad where she wrote her first book which was never published. Like most first books, it was about her personal life and the early years of the war. A second book sold very well and she kept writing. Then came the depression and she is still writing.

Her advice to girls is familiar to readers of "Letters to Susan". These were an outgrowth of an article in Harper's on "What a Young Girl Should Know", which in itself was the result of an article "What the Young Man Should Know". At a

houseparty in Maryland, Mrs. Banning collected the opinions of the young friends of her children and found that the views of the girls were surprisingly feminine and Victorian. They caused a stir when published in the article. We were all sorry to learn that "Letters to Susan" are a thing of the past, for Mrs. Banning feels that she has covered the subject and can add nothing more. When asked where she got her ideas for the stories that she writes, Mrs. Banning said that everything is an inspiration at one time or another. Pictures, faces, incidents, things in life collect in the mind and finally ripen into a plot. Writing is not easy even when you have a talent for it. The most brilliant dialogue is generally turned out when she is alone in her office, hair streaming down her back, and the deadline staring her in the face.

At present, Mrs. Banning is working on an article entitled "Married and Working". In doing research for the

article, she has noted that the most strenuous objectors to having married women work are clubwomen, for they feel that they appear lazy. Work in the home is becoming so much systematized for the woman, that she is finding herself with leisure time. If she has some line of work that she can do better than anyone else, she should by all means hold a position in the business world, says Mr. Banning. If she cannot hold such a position, she can do volunteer work in the community. By the time a woman has reached 40, her children are in school and her housework is so regulated that she has plenty of time for herself. In the future, woman will be holding positions in the business world, divorce rate will be lowered as a result, and there will no longer be such a thing as "man's work" and "woman's work", but both will work together for a betterment of the human soul and race.

Cornell Inaugurate New Radio Features

The modern radio is becoming a very important factor in the dissemination of agricultural knowledge, and the Cornell radio department is taking a leading role.

One of the newer features is a series of Saturday afternoon talks on "What Good Farmers Say". Each one is given by some outstanding farmer of the vicinity on some special line of husbandry with which he is familiar. These have proved very popular.

Another feature of particular interest is that at 2:30 p. m. Tuesday, February 23, Dean Carl E. Ladd, speaking on the short-wave station W2XAD at Schenectady, broadcast the first of a series of thirteen international radio broadcasts. At 7:30 that same evening, George Albert-Perez Llano, a native of Cuba and a graduate student at Cornell, broadcast a Spanish translation of Dr. Ladd's talk from W2XAF for the benefit of Spanish-American countries. The weekly broadcasts in English at 2:30 Eastern Standard Time are aimed for reception in the British Isles and other countries of Western Europe at 7:30 p. m. their time. Succeeding broadcasts in Spanish will be presented by graduate students whose homes are in other Spanish-speaking countries.

Professor Taylor, general director of the scheme, says that he hopes by these broadcasts to open up a whole, new field of mutual understanding between nations, based on agriculture instead of the usual news of war and politics.

This is the first short-wave attempt in history to picture agricultural conditions with the idea of giving interested people of other countries descriptions of agriculture in the United States and discussions of world agriculture.

Cornell Offers New Marriage Course

Cornell offers for the first time this term a course in "Modern Marriage." The course gives one hour credit and is limited to 35 juniors and seniors. Listed among the courses of the College of Home Economics, it states as its purpose: to acquaint students with the "major features involved in marriage adjustments and to enable them to take an objective view of these factors." Those in charge include Prof. J. L. Woodward of the sociology department, Profs. Helen Canon, L. D. Rockwood and Mark Entorf of the Home Economics staff, Drs. Dean F. Smiley and J. A. Rose of the medical department, and Prof. L. S. Cottrell Jr. of the Department of Rural Social Organization.

Campus Chats

For the benefit of non-readers of the Cornell Daily Sun a student calling himself "Disgruntled" wrote a letter in which he voiced his opinion that the Cornell co-ed in agriculture was not altogether an envied blessing to her male classmates. A co-ed in agriculture who does not at all resemble the typical bedraggled and homely female described in this letter by "disgruntled" has consented to write her opinion in this column of the agricultural college magazine. In case Disgruntled happens to see this letter he is at liberty to write a reply which we shall consider and may, though we can't promise, print in the next issue.

The Wench Is Hysterical

Probably Disgruntled doesn't know of the existence of the Cornell Countryman, but it seems to us that this magazine is the logical place in which to take up the argument that has been waged in the Sun by Disgruntled, Aroused Coed, Disgusted '38, and A Cornell Coed In Agriculture. (Please won't somebody give Disgruntled a marked copy?)

Disgruntled has evidently been bitten by the anticoed bug which theoretically is so virulent in these parts. Poor Disgruntled. Why doesn't he come down off his high horse and have some fun? It might be rather interesting to speculate on his reasons for such a nom de plume. Is he really of such a type that he can sneer at us females? (Please send snapshot.) Has he been repressed—or rejected? Is he sincere—or merely trying to get a rise out of someone? If the latter is true he certainly has been successful. You may be important, for once, Disgruntled, for on your person coeds can vent all the disgust that has been accumulating for years on this question of anticoedism.

This myth arose, God knows how. The first woman student entered Cornell only a couple of years after the founding of the University. By reading Andrew D. White's autobiography or 'Facts Concerning Cornell' you will discover that Cornell was not founded as a men's University. So, on what fact do you and your ilk base this obsession?

You have specifically chosen coeds in agriculture as objects of your scorn and vituperation. A mistake on your part, m'lud, in fact a fatal error. The coeds in ag are equal in form, face, and figure to those in Home Ec, Arts,

(Continued on page 8)

The House of Flowers

Visitors to the flower show given by the Department of Floriculture and Ornamental Horticulture May 1 and 2 may well mistake the exhibit for the ideal home of any one who likes flowers. And who doesn't? For two days at least, the floriculture section of the Plant Science Building will be a true house of flowers.

The approach to this imaginary home, a long lane, will feature flowers and shrubbery which emphasize the beauty of the entrance to the house. The theme of the door-way planting is to express welcome with flowering plants appropriate in size, color, and fragrance. The hall, transformed with plants, will end in a sunporch.

The offices of Professor Curtis and Mr. Pridham will become a very liveable library or living room and will adjoin a small, private garden.

The plants will command interest in their detail rather than their mass. This garden will open upon a street on the opposite side of which is a flower shop. Included in the display will be an out-door living room with a changing design of flowers for each season of the year. Last will come a room decorated appropriately for the debutante or for the sorority at rushing time.

The displays of flowers are designed to catch the eye of the small homeowner and may be duplicated in small or moderate sized homes as easily as in the larger or more pretentious ones. The show demonstrates the use of flowers in the home and in its various rooms.

Cornell Missionary School Ends

The beginning of our new term marked the close of the eighth annual School for Missionaries which was held for three weeks in the department of Rural Social Organizations.

Missionaries representing many different denominations and coming from several different countries, among them being China, Africa, India, and Burma, attended the school to learn the psychology of community life and to broaden their knowledge of special subjects.

Among instructors were, Bristow Adams, using printed information; S. A. Adsell, speaking on coats; M. F. Barus, plant diseases; F. C. Bussell, plant breeding; Hazel Hauck, nutrition; B. K. Northrop, radio; E. F. Phillips, bees; Mark Rich, rural church; B. B. Robb, radio; R. M. Stewart, rural education; D. W. Sanderson, rural social organization, and Paul Work, vegetable crops.

Genesee County Farmers

Pay Tribute to Dr. Warren

On Wednesday afternoon of Farm and Home Week, President Livingston Farrand, in behalf of Cornell University, formally accepted a portrait of Dr. George F. Warren. This portrait, painted by the late Rev. Martin D. Hardin of Ithaca, was presented by Master Farmer Robert Call of Batavia, New York, chairman of the Warren Portrait and Scholarship Committee. This committee originated in the Genesee County Farm Forum and was a definite step on the part of Genesee County farmers to pay tribute to Dr. Warren. The balance of the money raised is to be used as a nucleus for a graduate scholarship in Agricultural Economics and Farm Management. Over 200 farmers and agricultural workers have contributed in an endeavor to provide suitable memorial to the farm management work which Dr. Warren has done.

Vet School Runs Clinic

H. G. Milks and students of the Veterinary College working under him have cared for more than 4,500 ailing animals, mostly cats and dogs, during the last year. In one day they have had as many as forty "patients."

Students wearing white uniforms and using sterilized instruments treat the cases in a modern operating room not unlike a clinic for humans. Animals suffering from almost any disorder from infected teeth, one of the most common, to infectious diseases receive attention. The senior who has just operated on a dog may next take the temperature or inspect the throat of a cat for tonsils.

Most of the Cornell animals that visit the office are Great Danes, Spaniels, German Shepherds, or Bird Dogs. Cornellians like big animals. Professor Milks says that animals resemble humans in their reactions. Some patients give little trouble while others appear neurotic and whine, moan, and rave.

Kermis Plays To Go on Tour

Part or all of the three Kermis plays which were presented during Farm and Home Week will be taken to nearby villages for presentation some time during the spring term. The plays are "The Travellers", "The Bishop's Candlesticks", and "Our Lean Years".

Heard in Household Mechanics class:

Professor Robb: "What is a machine?"

Home Ec. Student: "A lot of bolts and nuts and screws and things."

Professor Robb: "You're wrong, sister, that's a junk heap."

The Wench Is Hysterical

(Continued from page 7)

and other colleges. They're all terrible, you say? We would, if we wanted to be as nasty as you, say that the male students in all colleges of the University aren't worth raving about either. And, since there are five, or is it four, males to every female in Cornell, your batting average is definitely lower than ours. So there.

We are not here to discuss the age-old problem of male vs. female (although we have our views), nor are we here to discuss whether or not the woman's place is in the home. (We have our views about this too. Aren't we clever?) One thing we'd like to settle is that coeds do have a place in the College of Agriculture. And with the B.S. degree at which you jeered, Disgruntled, many women graduates of the Ag college are much better qualified to earn a living than those with an A.B. We had some statistics to prove this but unfortunately mislaid them.

Now, to get back to the crux of the situation. It is high time that the perpetuation of this silly, ridiculous, preposterous, and asinine antioed myth was exploded. Antioedism, as such, does not exist in a pure form. But to go on—how many of the so-called antioed houses are actually antioed? Come on, boys, confess. It's too bad, Disgruntled, that you do not have access to the Sage Library. (Maybe it could be arranged.) If you had, you would find an enlightening tome concerning the history of the coed at Cornell. The first of the deadlier species who came to Cornell were interested solely in intellectual pursuits—and did not find men compatible with such ideals. (And, ah, 'tis true, 'tis true.) Therefore, there was a ruling that no coed address a male student, and never could she go out with one. The men were piqued at this shameful treatment, and retaliated, probably rationalizing thus, "Nasty old girls, we didn't want to go out with them anyhow." So arose antioedism. (Sun please reprint with banner head "Expose of Antioed Racket.") We have no definite proof, but, a daguerrotype which our mother handed down to us, would indicate that even in those early days a tendency toward checked suits and liverfluke was prevalent.

That should dispose of you effectively, Disgruntled. (Alias Still So Disgruntled, Still Disgruntled—what, no So Disgruntled? — fingerprint No. 911736). Orchids, or would you prefer four roses, to you Disgusted '38, "martyr to the cause of the down-trodden coed."

The Endless War

(Continued from page 3)

and the plants we are trying to protect. Arsenical residues on fruit have become a real problem. And lead accumulated in the soil of some fruit-growing districts has already made it impossible to raise cover crops, and may soon go deep enough to kill the trees. Our sprays also slay impartially our foes and our several insect friends, the bees, and the natural enemies of pests who if unmolested may control them more effectively than we can. It therefore behooves us to proceed cautiously, to sponsor research into new and safer methods of warfare, and not laugh at the new ideas, just because they are new. War is a ruinous business, and we can not afford to let the enemy benefit by our doubt. Let the farmer prepare his emulsion of Red Engine Oil against the day of dormant spraying. But let him also listen when the chemist from his laboratories suggests 2,4 dinitro 6 cycle hexyl phenol. He may know what he's talking about, and both of them are fighting the same battle in the endless war of Homo versus Hexapod.

Countryman Opens Competition

The editorial and business departments of the Cornell Countryman will open a competition March 22. The competitors may be any undergraduates in the colleges of agriculture and home economics who are in good standing.

Competitors will be given an opportunity to broadcast over the weekly program; to use their artistic talent designing covers and helping with the make-up of the magazine, as well as writing ads and editorial material.

Hash and the Stewardess

(Continued from page 6)

of another sorority. Just before dessert I heard a loud crash in the kitchen. I was sure it was the dessert. The other members looked concerned, too, and instinctively turned around to peek through the kitchen door. I had visions of the cook having to open cans of fruit in substitute for the pudding. However, the waiters brought in the dishes of pudding whole and sound. The casualty in the kitchen was a pile of dirty dishes.

It amuses me when the girls tell how wonderful the meals were just after vacation. I made the menus for the meals weeks before. Everyone warned me that March appetites are larger than those of other months. I found this to be very true. I will have to allow more than one dollar per person this month.

It has been satisfying to me to find that I can manage successfully. Mother must have been a good teacher.

March, 1937

This morning we were mortified to find, as we reluctantly went outdoors with our necks pulled in from the inclement weather, that a dandelion had popped its head out near Martha Van Rensselaer Hall and was facing the sun with golden cheeriness; mortified at the thought that a mere dandelion could so face the snow and the cold while we were loath to leave our steam-heated luxury. We resolutely then pulled down our collar, squinted at the sun, and scurried across the campus in a pleasant glow of anticipation of spring.

Come second term, we find the seniors assuming a characteristic preoccupation with their affairs of impending graduation. The first twinge comes when we pass through the registration lines for (can it be possible!) the last time as an undergraduate. A disagreeable business at best, this registration, but we cannot help but remember that our earliest friendships were made when, as freshmen, we stood patiently in long queues before the registration desks, and pooled our ideas in facing the confusion of it all. Then begins the talk of jobs—application blanks to be filled, interviews; a flurried call from the classroom to meet a board or executive, with five minutes to comb our hair and wipe the gravel off our shoes. (Incidentally, the Home Economics students at least are finding, with the customary knock on wood, that it is a good year). And now we have on our desk a note to the effect that we should appear to be measured for caps and gowns! We count our fingers and find that there are a bare three months left.

The preoccupied look in your own reporter's eye these days is not so much concerned with these matters as with the absorbing business of practice house experience. Five senior students enter the apartment for a period of several weeks, and under the guidance of an instructor, run a "home" which the college attempts to make bona fide homelike in arrangement of rooms and even to the extent of having a baby in it. The students rotate in the duties of being assistant mother, mother, assistant cook, cook, and hostess. The first few days leave one, mainly, with a profound respect for the homemaker who apparently must do alone the things in her day which keep five co-eds busy! Plunged into "assistant motherhood" on our first day in the apartment, it was comforting to find that, majoring in home economics, we scarcely knew the

mechanics of setting up a washing machine. It was equally disconcerting to find that washing clothes, a job which we have always shunned like the plague at home, can be, actually, rather fun. All week we washed and ironed and cleaned with a vengeance which we have, in our loftier ideals of the Higher Education, exercised only on strenuous occasions of tennis or dancing.

The "mother" job is perhaps the most responsible one, and there is a tacit deference to the mother who busies about with bottles and buggies and keeps one eye on the clock. The baby is excellently cared for, as should be expected especially since many of the babies who come in to the college are "borrowed" babies who will return to their homes, and the



student mothers take their responsibility with due seriousness. On our first night in the apartment, the new mother bounded out of bed at one o'clock in the morning to sterilize a nipple! Rose Ann and Mary Alice, the famous practice house twins, are at ten months of age beautiful, healthy babies.

It is the assistant cook's duty to help the cook, to wash dishes and to keep the kitchen clean. The cook is allowed a sum of money for her week's meals, and must keep accounts. The hostess presides at the table, keeps the living room and bedroom clean, answers the door and in various ways fills her titular capacity on all occasions. Once a week a Family Council is held to discuss problems and make plans . . .

Speaking of the twins, the college has temporarily adopted another pair of twins, three months old, who are being taken care of in the Nutrition Laboratory by graduate students in nutrition research . . .

Our students continue to win recognition in magazine contests. Sylvia Small '39 won a pair of kid shoes for her report on fads and fashions at Cornell, in the college board contests of the Mademoiselle magazine. Mary

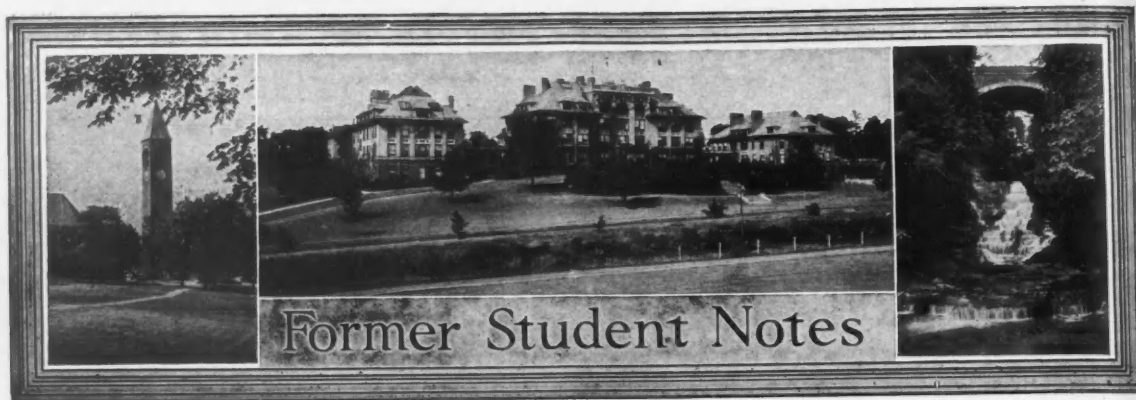
Marlow '37 won her second prize from Mademoiselle this year, a cashmere sweater, for a map of a Bermuda cruise with description of a proper cruise wardrobe. Patricia Prescott '38 wrote an article on the Clothes Hospital showing how high school teachers can use the same idea. The article will appear soon in Fore-cast . . .

Mr. Lawrence K. Frank from the Josiah Macy Jr. Foundation visited the college recently, at the invitation of Miss Rose. The Macy Foundation is a new organization financed for the purpose of medical and mental hygiene research. Members of the faculty and students representing the college met with Mr. Frank at a dinner to discuss mental hygiene as it pertains to family living . . .

Mrs. Dorothy Riddle, Librarian of the college, has been made a member of the New York State Library Commission, a group of persons interested in books. Mrs. Riddle's particular interest is in the smaller libraries of rural communities, schools, and homes. With the growing recognition of books as a part of the home living, all sorts of movements are under way to educate the public to the possibilities of the home library. As we were reminded by a lecture given recently by Mr. Frank L. Tolman of the State Education Department, are they not, outside of their conventional purpose, the inevitable window prop, the holder of precious letters and rose leaves fragrant of a bygone day, and the hiding place of grandfather's lost will? In our own childhood we remember with gratitude that our feet would never have reached the floor, or our elbows the table, without the old encyclopedia . . .

We were interested to see that Professor Robb's course in Ag. Engineering for girls has received some modest publicity, through a recent article appearing in our daily paper. Not a required course, it is one of the most popular among students in our college. Those who take the course enthuse over new founts of knowledge in greasing cars, installing boilers, fixing the kitchen sink, taking a sewing machine apart and putting it back together again successfully, even if Professor Robb might quietly slip an extra screw or two into the pile to complicate matters. He finds the co-eds as mechanical minded as the boys, and enjoys teaching the group of girls who appear each term in blue denim coveralls.

Sally Senior



'98

Samuel N. Spring B.A. '98, M. F. '03 is now Dean of the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse, N. Y. He was recently made a member of the council of the Society of American Foresters.

'06

Arthur Knights '06 is with the Standard Furniture Company in Herkimer, N. Y.

'08

James Porteus '08 is helping his father on the home farm at Portlandville, N. Y.

'10

R. J. Shepard, business manager of the Cornell Countryman in 1910, visited us in our office Farm and Home Week. After insisting that he had no news for us to print he casually mentions that he has been appraising farms for the Federal Land Bank for the past two years. Now he is just plain farming in Batavia. He hopes to start selling certified seeds as soon as the depression is really over. He thinks he will begin soon. He and O. W. Smith have been checking over entrance requirements for his son who is now "Cornell" age. Mr. Shepard told us some things about Cornell in 1910 that we didn't know. When he was a student the WESG studio was a model country school. The honor system began in that year and the Countryman sold trade ads. Mr. Shepard still has the gun which he bought from the Ithaca gun works to "use up" a trade ad.

'12

A recent survey among "leading industrialists," made by Market Research Corporation of America, brought most frequent mention of the organization of Edward L. Bernays '12 of New York City "as the outstanding firm of counsel on public relations."

'13

Wesley H. Bronson '13, who has for a number of years been the statistician for the New England Milk Producers Association and New England Dairies, Incorporated, last summer attended the International Conference of Agricultural Economics in Scotland. While there he took a side

trip into Germany, Denmark, and Norway.

'14

F. W. Beneway who left Cornell in 1914 is farming in Ontario, Wayne County, N. Y.

'15

F. W. Furst '15 has been transferred from Oregon to Milwaukee, Wis., where he is working in the regional office of the Forest Service.

Morgan B. McCargo '15 is still working with the White House Milk Company in West Bend, Wis. This concern makes evaporated milk for the Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company. Morgan writes that he has two children, both girls, one three, the other twelve.

Paul W. Wing '15 and Anna C. Kerr '16 report that they are still living in Little Falls, N. Y. Paul is Factory Sales Manager for the Cherry Burrell Corporation which manufactures pasteurizing equipment, storage tanks, coolers and other kinds of milk plant equipment.

'16

Probably no Cornell graduate has ever had a more interesting job than that held by Fred Behrends '16. He has been, since 1927, the director of the Hope Farm School, a co-educational boarding school for 210 students, located at Verbank, N. Y., in Dutchess County. The farm itself comprises 1500 acres. The schooling given includes eight grades of grammar school, four years of high school training and a limited amount of academic and vocational training.

J. C. "Pete" Corwith '16 has so far distinguished himself as a farmer in his community that he was nominated several years ago and was finally awarded this year, one of the master farmer awards. He has a 197-acre farm in Suffolk County on which he grows many acres of potatoes each year, but he also has the large herd of 31 cows with which he supplies the local village with milk. He is a leader in the farm bureau, Grange, church, and local lodge in his community. He has been intrusted with leadership by his neighbors which he has readily accepted.

Harwood Martin '16 is living at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., where he not

only manages the old homestead but holds down a job as treasurer of the Edward F. Dibble Seed Growers. He now has five children.

'17

J. M. Crone is a civil structural engineer employed at the Briggs Memorial Hospital and is living at 106 Plain Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

'20

Don Hoagland '20 writes that he is now with the Macfadden Publications as Western advertising manager of their detective group in Chicago, Ill. He is living at 2218 Colfax Street, Evanston, Ill.

'21

William T. Stevens, 3d '31 was elected president of the Forest Home Improvement Association last month. He is in the insurance business in the First National Bank Building, Ithaca.

'22

William C. J. Weidt '22 is pastor of the Lutheran Church of the Good Shepherd at Mt. Vernon, N. Y. He is married and has four children.

'23

Hoyt S. Ackles '23 is still farming, raising apples and doing dairy work at Mariette, N. Y.

Thomas A. Brown '23 has resigned as Mount Vernon district manager of the Sylvestre Oil Company where he was the oldest employee of that company in point of service, to form with his brother-in-law, Frederick W. Fagerstrom, the Sentinel Oil Company, Inc. They intend to market fuel oils by tank wagon in Westchester County and the Bronx. Brown started with the Standard Oil Company of New York as a clerk in their Mount Vernon plant in June, 1914, and has been in oil marketing in Westchester County ever since, longer than any individual. His wife was Margaret Fawerstrom '34. They have one daughter, Roberta Eleanor, two years old.

We learn that Homer L. Hurlbit '23 is operating a Standard Oil gas station at Interlaken, N. Y. How about stopping in and seeing him when in that vicinity?

Henry E. Luher '23 is living at Shippersburg and is general manager of the Beisile Company.

'24

Zellner H. Stoughton '24 is still

teaching agriculture in Weedport High School.

'25

Edwena Carpenter '25 was married January 2 to W. Forbes Webber at Syracuse. Mrs. Webber is engaged in social service work and Webber is a student in the Syracuse University College of Law.

Fannie Miller '25 is teaching in Salem County, N. J. Her address is 413 North Main Street, Elmer, N. J.

'26

Kenneth Kelpatrick '26 is teaching agriculture at Louville, N. Y.

'27

Roy Bender '27 is the proud father of a baby girl, Dionner. He is county agent for Essex County and is living in Westport, N. Y.

Charles "Chock" Bowman '27 is with the Federal Land Bank in Springfield, Mass.

Louis Patrick is pouring his education into his farm at Perry, N. Y. His address is R. D. 2.

Caroline Pringle '27 has been transferred from the office of the Syracuse Home Bureau to become home demonstration agent in Washington County. Her address is Hudson Falls.

R. B. Stocking '27 is now assistant manager of the Hotel Empire in New York City. He also tells us of his marriage to Theresa Bruna on October 3, 1936.

Jessie Smith '27 is teaching home economics in the Newark Valley. Her address is 94 Summit Avenue, Newark, N. Y.

'28

Ward Dedrick '28 is using his training on his own farm at Delevan, N. Y.

Carl J. Gillette '28, proprietor of Gillette's Cafeteria on College Avenue, Ithaca, has leased also the Eddigate Restaurant at 409 Eddy Street.

Kenneth Hayes is guard at Dannemora State Prison at Dannemora, N. Y.

Maynard Knights '28 is farming his own farm at Herkimer, N. Y.

Gaimers C. "Jim" Pettergell '28 has been in Springfield three years now with the secretary department of the Federal Land Bank. He is living at 28 Albermarle Street and has two

children, Jimmy age 6 and Catherine age 3.

S. R. Shaply '28 is county agricultural agent in Columbia County.

'29

Norval Budd '29 married Margaret Nielson of Ovid January 9. Mrs. Budd is a graduate of William Smith College. Budd is with the Grange Federation League in Ithaca.

Wayne F. Foster '29 is living in Cherry Creek, N. Y., and announces the birth of a son, Arthur Wayne, on August 9, 1936.

Earl Mortimer '29 is assistant county agent in the Farm Bureau office at Sodus. He has a daughter, born October 8, 1936.

John Palmer '29 is working his own farm at Ontario, N. Y.

Merlin Mowry '29 is an operator for Borden's and is living at 18 E. Main Street, Cortland, N. Y.

Lawrence F. Read '29 has his own greenhouse at Little Falls, N. Y.

'30

Frederick W. Schutz '30 is still practicing vet. med. here in Brewster, N. Y.

Arthur C. Stevens '30 is engaged to Eleanor Crosby of Hartford, Conn., a senior at Wellesley. Stevens teaches in the Ithaca High School. The wedding will take place in August.

'31

Henry Forschmidt '31 resigned from the Atlantic Commission Co., Inc., in Montreal last November and went to Dallas, Texas, to open the "finest retail fruit and vegetable shop" in the city. He says that on his way back to Dallas he stopped off at Chattanooga, Tenn., and visited Albert Hodge '31, who is an attorney for an insurance company in that city.

Ruth Hover '31 is now Mrs. Charles Thompson and the proud mother of two children, Helen Louise, two years old, and William, one month old. The Thompsons are living at Oldwich, N. J.

George C. Moore '31 has been made manager of the Bath Project for Steuben and Livingston Counties of Soil Conservation Service USDA. This is the largest demonstration of its kind in the Northeast. He writes that he has

no time for married life and is still single.

'32

Dorothy English '32 is practicing her home economics training in her home as the wife of Bert Cook and the mother of a daughter, Diane Lee.

Robert H. Hollenbeck '32, who majored in floriculture, is working at Pericks Glass Garden, Saratoga Road, Schenectady. He was married soon after leaving college and now has a fine three-year-old son. Friday, February 12, 1937, he spoke on flower growth over the Farm Forum radio program from WGY, Schenectady, in the first of a series of weekly talks he will give over this station. Good work, Bob; we know you can say it with flowers as well as with words.

Alia Jones '32 is married to George Tripp and has two children, George Jr. and a daughter, Mary.

Edythe King '32 is married to James S. Fulton and is living at 1656 Lincoln Avenue, Montreal, Canada.

Helen Schroeder '32 is married to Richard Ringrose and is living at Clemson College, Clemson, S. C.

'33

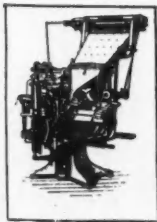
H. R. Brundage '33 of Syracuse has been given the post of assistant farm bureau manager in Cortland County. He will aid Irwin Perry. For the past year, Mr. Brundage has been assistant in conservation work at Onondaga County. He will have charge of the soil building allowances. Mr. Perry plans to call countrywide meetings at which a conservation committee will be organized to aid with the work.

Frank Finnerty '33 is teaching agriculture at Addison, N. Y. During the summer of 1936, he married Elizabeth Conley, a graduate of Syracuse University, and they are both teaching at the present time.

Mabel Hill '33 is assistant dietitian at Balch Halls and is living there also.

Mary King '33 is married to Kasson Crooker and is living at 729 Knox Street, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

The engagement of Ruth Neuhart '33 to Dr. Ralph Elliott of New Orleans, La., has been announced.



The Norton Printing Co.

Where Service Is A Habit

317 E. State Street



Cuyler Page '33 is now in charge of accounting for the GLF Marketing Management, Inc., at 1 Hudson Street, New York City. Last July he married Eleanor Hochmuth and they are now living at Cresskill, N. J.

'35

Jean Chawe '35 is superintendent of the Children's Home at Saratoga Springs, where her address is 64 Ludlow Street.

Clarence DuBois '35 has taken the soil conservation agent's job in Chautauqua County. He is living in Jamestown.

Esther Major '35 announces her marriage in June to Bill Batchelar Hotel '34. She will help Bill run his hotel in Michigan.

R. I. Page Jr. '35 is with the Resettlement Administration and is living at 64 Henry Street, Binghamton.

Lloyd S. Pinckney '35 is with the Resettlement Administration in Newfield.

Marjorie Shawn '35 is doing home demonstration work in Herkimer County and is living in Ilion, N. Y.

W. E. Washbon '35 is acting county agent of Saratoga County in the place of Henry B. Little who is at Cornell on a sabbatical leave.

Frank Colling '35 married Mary Ringrose the day before Christmas, 1936. Colling is an agriculture instructor

at the Prattsburg Central School in Steuben County.

On December 7, 1936, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Chester H. Lee. Mrs. Lee was the former Doris Rathburn '35. Chet was '34 ag.

'36

Janet Bower '36 was seen during Farm and Home Week, looking very important with some of her pupils from the Horseheads school, where she is now teaching homemaking.

Lucille Case '36 is assistant home demonstration agent at present in Ulster County. Lucille was back to enjoy Farm and Home Week with us.

The engagement of William D. Foster '36 to Claire A. Van Order of Ithaca has been announced.

Lois Grier '36 is employed with the Brooklyn Edison Company in Brooklyn, and is living on Colonial Rd., Brooklyn.

Edward Pasto is an instructor of agriculture at Wellsville, N. Y.

Rita Rose '36 is with Schrafft's in New York.

Bob Smith '36 is acting 4-H Club agent in Livingston County while the regular agent is on a sabbatic leave to do graduate work.

Ivan Warren '36 has been transferred from Batavia, N. Y., to St. Johnsbury, Vt., where he will con-

tinue to work with the Production Credit Association.

Dick Hammond '36 is also with the Federal Land Bank at Watertown, N. Y.

Solomon Wiener '36 is holding a job as examining assistant with the Municipal Civil Service Commission of New York City. He is also studying at New York University and plans to attend Summer School in Ithaca.

The engagement of Ruth Hill '36 and Burel Lane has been announced.

Janet Hadley '36 and Frank Trevor '36 were married in January. Frank is starting a science laboratory at the Millbrook School for Boys.

Gladys Winters '36 has announced her engagement to John H. Berglund. At present she is dietitian at Wagner College.

'38

We were glad to see some of our former classmates back to enjoy Farm and Home Week with us. Among them were Catherine Kaufman '38 and Helen Bowman '38.

Your snooping reporter heard on campus one student remark that he was a former student for he has not studied for two terms. We watched with amusement the bustee list, but did not see his name upon it. How do you do it, W. O. Nahguav '38?

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